



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

A SUGGESTION THAT SOME RESEARCH BE MADE

Recently a peninsula editor went berserk in his arraignment of the editor of THE CYMBAL for our warning to Carmel parents about the increase of juvenile delinquency in this fair city in the pines. If the peninsula editor will investigate the case of the more or less prominent Carmel woman, whose arrest on moral charges was recorded in his newspaper Wednesday night, he will not be so scathing next time.

THIS ANTI-SHORTS PETITION IS SHEER NONSENSE

It is with considerable gratification that we note the apparent failure of petitions for an ordinance to prohibit the wearing of so-called "shorts" in the business district. Those who are circulating the petition are not meeting with much success and they shouldn't be. Such a move is utter nonsense, but unfortunately it is more than that: it is a move in just the wrong direction if, as is claimed by the sponsors, the matter of morals is involved. Ninety per cent of the "shorts" wearers seen on Ocean avenue are girls under 20 years old. The more we see of them numerically, out in the open spaces, so much the better, even though we see more of them, physically, than a few people think we ought. In a city which provides its boys and girls with absolutely nothing in the way of community entertainment, we should be as glad as glad can be that most of them can find joy and no restraint in running about scantily clad, and running about scantily clad out in the open sunshine—whether it be on Ocean avenue or on the beach. Let's give these young people something, instead of taking something away from them.

PUBLIC SCHOOL WEEK BEST OF THE LONG LIST

Next week is Public School Week. Of all the "weeks" and "days" which have been set aside for emphasis on something or other, surely this one tops the list for being sensible and important. There is much justification in branding "Mother's Day" a commercial success but a moral farce, and "Be Kind to Animals" week probably never put love for our dumb companions into a heart too small to hold it. But if you can get the parents of children to focus their attention for even one week in the year on what is being done in the matter of teaching their young and how, you are getting considerably some where.

The Masonic Lodge lays claim to having started the idea of Public School Week and records substantiate it. The wisdom of the move has many times been substantiated in the seventeen years since the Masons had the idea. It has been observed in California with perhaps more interest and enthusiasm than in any other state in the Union, and it is much to California's credit that this so.

It is in line with the policy of O. W. Bardarson, principal of our own Sunset School, that Carmel pays more and more attention to the observance every year. This year the program as outlined by the local school indicates increased activity for the week.

—W. K. B.

PETITION WOULD BAN 'SHORTS' ON OCEAN AV.

COUNCIL AWFUL SILENT ABOUT 2 APPOINTMENTS NOT YET MADE

We still have five men on the police department, as far as the official records in the city hall are concerned, and by the same token we have Vincent Williams working in the street department. But, physically at least, Policeman Charles Guth is a paid fireman and so is Street Department Williams.

The city council or, to be exact, three city councilmen—Everett Smith, Clara Kellogg and Bernard Rowntree—met Wednesday night and did nothing, in a long, silent way, about a resignation from Policeman Guth or appointments of Guth and Williams to the fire department. They were, actually, quite smug about it.

They did consume a considerable time debating whether or not in asking for the transfer of a restaurant license in his building on Monte Verde street Percy Parkes was trying to sneak one over and pave the way for a liquor license. The law as to restaurants was looked up and as far as anybody could determine, because of the location of a comma, hospitals, garages, woodworking shops and meat markets are prohibited from selling liquor in Carmel. Between the city attorney and the tax collector who, in case you didn't know it, is Robert Norton, ex-officio chief of police, the ordinance will be doctored up through the grafting of a semi-colon somewhere on, or in, its vitals. In the meantime, Percy Parkes may whistle for his restaurant license transfer. The three councilmen are suspicious of him.

Carl Harris was granted permission to remove a big pine tree which all but leaned against one of his gasoline pumps.

Shelburn Robison moved out of his position as acting city attorney to that of president of the Carmel Business Association long enough to ask passage of a resolution indorsing the petition to Postmaster General Jim Farley for an appropriation for a post office and site in Carmel. Robbie didn't get by with his resolution for some sort of technical reasons. It wasn't worded as it should have been to suit the council and will be re-vamped for the next meeting. Bernard Rowntree is against it anyway. He was heard to remark that he was "satisfied with the present post office".

The council will meet on the evening of May 5.

Jean Crouch came down from San Jose State Teacher's College for rehearsals and study with Bach Festival Director Michel Penha. She had to rush right back to an 8 o'clock class, but will be home for vacation in a couple of months, and we will see more of her.

LATHAM'S WITHDRAWAL RESULTS IN MESS AT NEW FIRE HOUSE

Now it develops that the removal of Milton Latham as city architect for the new fire house was not so hot after all. Councilman Bernard Rowntree and City Inspector Birney Adams have gotten things into considerable of a mess and the "finished" fire house is, and probably ever will be, anything but finished.

There is no complaint to be registered by the members of the volunteer fire department. It is apparent from the nature of their reticence that they feel it would be in poor taste for them to voice their opinions, but there is no doubt at all about the fact that they are mighty disgusted with this so-called "finished" fire house.

It has been published that it is the "most modern structure on the Peninsula". That is a libel on a score or more buildings between the Carmel Beach and the shore line of Monterey Bay. The truth is that Carmel's new fire house is a mess, and that Bernard Rowntree and Birney Adams are principally responsible for it so being.

It has been said, among other things, that Latham was forced to resign because he did not get along with the WPA workmen on the job. The fact is that the only trouble between Latham and the workmen was that he was on the job constantly and insisted that they do the work according to plans and specifications. What work has been done well in Carmel's new fire house, Latham is responsible for, because he "did not get along with the men".

Latham, whose record as an architect remains pretty high despite any reports to the contrary, resigned from the fire house job when his position became intolerable through the arrogant attitude of Councilman Rowntree and the councilman's system of making changes

and issuing orders over the head of, and without the knowledge of the regularly-named architect on the job.

It is as a result of this inexcusable policy on the part of Rowntree, disguised under the head of economy, that the job is what it is today, nothing to be proud of, either by the city or the WPA which built it.

And Rowntree's "economy" has not only messed up the building, but it has added actually to the cost of building it.

For instance, it was Latham's plan that the four big doors in the front should be purchased from manufacturers who are experts on fire doors; that the hardware necessary in their operation should be purchased from these manufacturers, and that the doors should be hung by them. Rowntree ordered the doors made by Murphy (and there is no doubt that they were well made) and after buying the hardware, turned the work over to the workmen on the job. It was a swell idea. They have been working 12 days to try to get those doors hung so that they will swing properly, and there is no one who will take any kind of oath that they will ever swing properly.

The experts could have swung them in four days.

The floor of the apparatus room is an example of the Rowntree methods. It is spotted with plaster, and will be until footsteps and rubber tires can, in the dim, distant future, wipe out the spots. This happened because the finished floor was laid before the plastering of the walls was done. Most children would know better than that.

The sidewalk out in front of the building was laid some time ago. Rowntree decided on the grade. He was told that he was out about

(Continued on Page Ten)

LAW WANTED TO KEEP SCANT ATTIRE OFF OF MAIN STEM

Four petitions, asking for an ordinance to prohibit the wearing of so-called "shorts" in the business district of the city, are being circulated throughout the city by women members of a church organization in Carmel.

It is said that the petitions are not meeting with much success. In one instance, it is reported, a member of a civic organization was told, when she refused to sign one of the petitions, that she was not a fit person to belong to such a welfare body.

It is understood that the circulators of the petition are seeking signatures "on moral grounds".

MacKenzie Estate Sold for \$60,000

The James A. MacKenzie estate on the sand dunes near the San Antonio gate to the Drive, was purchased at a court auction in San Francisco Monday by Elizabeth McClung White for the Misses Jessie and Catherine Colvin of Chicago. The price paid was \$60,000, bid up from \$40,000. The estate includes 10 acres and a house of 10 rooms.

It is understood that the Misses Colvin have purchased the property for a permanent home for themselves.

REAL ESTATERS MEET TO TALK VALUES WITH TAVERNETTI

Carmel real estate brokers and salesmen to the number of 14 got together with Walter R. Tavernetti, county assessor, at the Golden Bough Room of the Blue Bird Tuesday and discussed property values, how to arrive at them and what assessments to make after so arriving. The meeting was arranged by Corum Jackson who is Tavernetti's deputy in Carmel. The Legion plans to buy Jackson a blue uniform with a cartridge belt and cap pistol and nineteen-dollar gold badge to mark his office properly.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of April 16, 1937) was as follows:

**SEE
AD
ON
PAGE
SEVEN**

Next Week Is the Time For All Good Parents To Take a Trek to School

Visiting hours for parents and friends of Sunset School during Public School Week will be Wednesday afternoon, April 28, and all day Thursday and Friday.

This week we have written a preview to give you an idea of the work being done by the different classrooms.

Color, color and more color seems to be the theme song. Starting with the kindergarten and low first grades under Miss Hope Thomas we found an attractive room made more attractive and interesting by the use of colored borders of tulips and drawings of houses. Houses have been the main project of the class and besides their own house, called "Built In", because it is built in the room, the children have constructed a model Pueblo home and a Congo jungle hut. The children will also have a flower shop and have made their

own garden outside the building.

The high first grade pupils, whose teacher is Miss Bernice Riley, are also having a housing exhibit, with a model house and garden, and booklets made by the children.

Mrs. Lilly C. Trowbridge's second grade pupils have visited several of the Carmel stores and recorded their visits with pictures and stories, and have also made models of the post office and the five and ten cent store and a grocery store. A trip to Mr. Weaver's meat market has brought out a lot of talent in drawing and observant writing. They have also planted a garden and studied soil.

The joint class of low second and low third pupils under Mrs. Edna C. Lockwood have worked on several projects this year. Animals have been drawn and studied and

(Continued on Page Nine)

CARMEL CAPERS

The legion party Saturday night was a sensational success. Everyone was regally wined and dined. We are happy to report that no under cover agents or reds were discovered, though Paul Flanders and some clients on tour came upon a bevy of our proud nation's heroes sleeping it off in the club room the following day.

If Sunday is marked for you neither by the way your head feels after Saturday night's debaucheries nor by any church going activities

Be assured that when Dave Davis appears booted and spurred, horseless and happy, the Sabbath is among us.

All those who made a point of memorizing our column last week will recall that we advocated a complete ban on this Conlan person. He evidently is not one to take a hint, for here he is again, primed and prepared for come-what-may with a bottle of "hang-over-pills", which he claims have remarkable therapeutic powers. We add only that the manufacturers could possibly have made a happier selection than either Louis or his partner Frank Lynch (who is also an addict) as walking advertisements for the product.

The fashionable younger set turned out practically en masse to view the launching of Ted Sierka's new boat, which was christened the "Lisa". One bottle of beer was broken over the prow of the vessel. Innumerable were those consumed by the launching party and wild were the cheers as the "Lisa" slipped slowly out to sea, nonchalantly dropping her motor en route.

Happy Whyte, who has never in the recollection of this writer, been known to belie her name, suggests that Whitney's install beds to obviate those few hours she is forced to spend elsewhere.

The Norvelle family admit that Berkeley looms a bit bleak and uninviting after a week-end in Carmel.

The great Smith, sometimes known as Mercury, or messenger of the gods, is returned from the Montague nuptials. He freely confesses to having been best man in every authentic sense of the word.

He will eagerly regale all and sundry with tall tales of taller buckets of champagne, and with little or no urging, will relate how the streets of Hollywood appeared to his clouded vision to be paved exclusively with lush and lovely blondes.

We gave Phil Nesbitt a letter of introduction to our aunt in New York which said, in part: "Dear Auntie; This is Phil. Ask him to show you his elephants" (we had reference, of course, to his amusing sketches of same). After perusing this amazing communication, she turned to him and said: "I'm delighted to meet you, young man. Are you connected with Ringling Brothers, or is it a disease from which you suffer?"

Note "macabre": "I've boxed many a famous man in my day," remarked a client in Whitney's. "A fighter?" we brightly interrogated, ever on the alert for celebrities. "No," he replied, "an undertaker."

Speculation is rife as to the content of the chowder served at the

McAdams, Sunday night. Jerry was running around town looking for possible ingredients and claims that he found and ground nothing but the most authentic abalone.

We counted the members of the McAdams family, and it is still intact. There have been no complaints about missing dogs, cats or livestock in the immediate vicinity; so we are reluctantly forced to give some credence to Jerry's account, but still incline to the belief that the abalone in question was of genuine Second Empire origin, at least. There are rumors, in fact, that Napoleon may have slept on portions of it during his forced march to the battle of Gettysburg.

—LIBBY LEY

WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KGO—This morning at 11 o'clock.

Music Appreciation program.

KSFO—This evening at 7 o'clock.

Goosens conducting the Cincinnati Orchestra.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning at 8:

30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9

o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.

KFRC—Tomorrow evening at 6:

15 o'clock. Chicago Symphony.

KGO—Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Magic Key program. Tito Schipa.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. Every-

body's Music. Howard Barlow conducting the Columbia Orchestra.

KGO—Sunday at 5 o'clock. General Motors Promenade pro-

gram.

KSFO—Sunday at 6 o'clock. Ford

Sunday Evening Hour.

KPO—Tuesday afternoon at 4:30

o'clock. Music of the Masters. A selection of fine and unusual records.

KPO—Wednesday morning at 11

o'clock. Music Guild.

KGO—Wednesday evening at 6

o'clock. Dr. Frank Black's String Symphony Orchestra.

KPO—Thursday evening at 8:15

o'clock. Standard Symphony Hour.

The radio fare is growing thinner and thinner and most of you will have to exist with a day by day and dial by dial spinning in order to get a chance repast. The standard courses are supplanted with a light lunch for the summer time. Perhaps that is a hint to most of us to get outside and "listen" to some of this sunshine.

STATE FEDERAL ARTS DIRECTOR DROPS IN ON PROJECT HERE

Joseph Allen, state director of the Federal Art Projects, was in town Monday to see the work of various artists on the local projects. With always a good word to the artists and a constructive criticism where needed, Allan is a "big boss" who is always welcome. He seems to enjoy his short dashes to Carmel and the Peninsula as much as we enjoy having him here.

John and Adriana Drop In, See Friends, Concoct Crime and Eat Fried Chicken

John Kenneth Turner and his wife, Adriana Spadoni, or, as John would probably accept it, Adriana Spadoni and her husband, John Kenneth Turner, blew into town the first of the week and stayed just long enough to attempt the compounding of a felony before departing for San Francisco, where they will remain during the summer.

John and Adriana, besides delighting their many friends with their appearance, made what we are proud to announce was a fruitless attempt to seduce the editor of THE CYMBAL in the matter of a post office site for Carmel. There was no money laid on the bar in this connection, but Adriana has recently sold her book, "Not All Rivers", and she is probably well-heeled. It appeared after some clever maneuvering on our part that John and Adriana want us to propose a post office site on the north side of Ocean avenue because they hold an equity in a lot or two in that section of town. On learning this—on learning that their interests in a post office site were not motivated by an unselfish desire to benefit the people of Carmel as a whole and enhance the glory of the nation and Mr. Farley, or Mr. Farley and the nation—we rose to our editorial height (which is much higher than our physical height) and spurned them—although they are old friends. We literally drove them from our sanctum, herded

them to the top of the Ocean avenue hill, and with haughtiness and fervor pointed to the shortest route out of town.

John and Adriana have been away from Carmel for two years and six months, to be exact almost. They went from here to San Francisco and then, after a few months, trekked East. They spent two months in Tucson on the way and finally landed in Washington, D. C. There John Kenneth wanted to peek into the Congressional Library for material for a book he is doing, and Adriana got a job as state editor (embracing about three states) for the WPA Writers' Project. In the meantime, having begun the thing in San Francisco, she went on writing a book of her own. Then, suddenly, last February, she sprung it on the publishers and John at the same time. The publishers took it and John had to. It was "Not All Rivers", and it has gone over big, with gratifying reviews galore in the big Eastern papers. It was chosen by the Book League of America for its February selection.

If and when John and Adriana come back for another visit in Carmel before returning to the East, as they intend, and you want to please them—Adriana, especially—just suggest they have fried chicken and biscuits with you. They'd be delighted!

Rev. Carl Hulsewe, new rector of All Saints Church, and Mrs. Hulsewe have arrived in Carmel, and Mr. Hulsewe will take charge of the pulpit this Sunday.

ENGINEERS NOW LOOKING OVER DRAINAGE PROBLEM

Three engineers of the Cozzens, Bolling and Fontaine firm are in town surveying our drainage problem. This is in line with the job delegated to Councilman James Thoburn, who is commissioner of streets, etc. Thoburn has presented the engineering company with the Seideneck-Gottfried proposition of a few years ago and it is being checked with present conditions and as to its applicability to a solution of the drainage problem. Since the weather is good right now and sunshine instead of rain pouring down, there are no banners flying around town in enthusiasm for the engineers, but they are going on about their work with an eye on next winter. It is expected that Thoburn will have something tangible in the matter to present to the council within a few weeks.

ELMER COX ET AL BRING IN PIP OF A PIG

As it must to all of us, death came to the big armored blue boar on Wednesday as he was rooting in his beloved hills somewhere west of Suez.

How it came may forever remain a mystery. We favor the suicide theory. Elmer Cox said he bit it.

Anyhow, Elmer Cox and Lynn Hodges and Paul Cohn brought him in to Bob Garrett at Vining's to be skun, so to speak. Bob says he is the prettiest pig ever seen here—about—a pip of a pig, indeed, weighing well over 250 pounds and all covered with horny scales.

Mrs. Bill Froli, Conrad Imelman and we have an exciting idea.

Frieda Inescort in Town To Shop

We met a very charming English lady buying a scarf at Bernice Fraser's the other morning. She is Frieda Inescort, who has graced our thespian boards for many years in New York and for the last year and a half has shared part of her time with Hollywood and the movies. Miss Inescort and her husband, Ben Ray Redman, well known literary critic, came to Carmel to see what all the talk was about, and they are quite convinced that this is one of the loveliest places they have ever been. Miss Inescort says the coast reminds her of her native Cornwall. She has just finished work on "Call It a Day," released this week in Hollywood, and has also played in "Give Me Your Heart". Mr. Redman is now with Universal Pictures and writing reviews for the New York Herald Tribune.

Mrs. Fraser recalled the names of several of the movie people who have been in her shop and mentioned Claude Rains among them. Miss Inescort said that 30 years ago, when her mother was playing at the Majesty Theater in London, Claude Rains was the call boy and that he is a "grand person".

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The Carmel Cymbal

This Is the Story of Two Silly Holes Cut In a Galvanized Sheet Iron Wall That Belongs to E.H. Ewig

This is the story of two silly holes in a galvanized sheet iron wall that belongs to E. H. Ewig.

The holes in the galvanized sheet iron wall that belongs to E. H. Ewig are silly because there are two of them.

If there were only one hole in the galvanized sheet iron wall that belongs to E. H. Ewig it wouldn't be silly.

And it wouldn't be funny, either—as funny as I have finally decided it is, after thinking it over and laughing about it all by myself for three weeks.

I think it is funny enough to tell about in THE CYMBAL, and I shall herewith tell it in absolute defiance of those who have recently admonished me to "quit laughing at the Pine Cone".

First, you must grasp this CYMBAL firmly in your left hand and walk around on Mission street from Ocean avenue and gaze at the recently-constructed addition to the back of the post office. You are now, my children, looking at the galvanized sheet iron wall that belongs to E. H. Ewig, because Mr. Ewig owns the post office building.

Now, focus your eyes on a point just to the left of the big door.

What do you see? You see the two silly holes. The little one on the left was cut for THE CYMBAL—big enough to shove bundles of CYMBALS in, but not big enough for me to climb through and rob the post office. The big one on the right (big enough for even Rannie Cockburn to climb through and rob the post office) was cut for the Pine Cone.

But I have not related this in the order of the cutting. The Pine Cone hole was cut quite some time before THE CYMBAL hole was cut.

And that, gentle reader, is the crux of the story; that is why the two holes are silly—and funny.

It all begins on a dark, wintry day some three months ago when the wind whipped the pine trees outside our office door, whipped also the trousers of Rannie Cockburn as he leveled his weight and length against it, bearing in from the street down the little brick walk that ends at THE CYMBAL office.

Ross Burton and I greeted him as he blew in on the wind. He had an idea. He stated it. It was a good one. It had to do with our mutual difficulty in getting our papers into the post office Thursday nights—without the necessity of staying up and waiting until the place opened (in the rear) at 6 a. m. His idea was that a slot be cut in the galvanized sheet iron wall of the new addition on the back of the post office that belongs to E. H. Ewig.

It would cost around four dollars, he thought. Would I bear half of it for the privilege of sharing its use? I would. Rannie was blown out again, up the little brick path, to the street.

On the following Friday I printed a story of comparative Carmel newspaper circulations. I printed it for the advertisers. I had been met repeatedly by claims of widespread circulation of other papers. I was defending my claim to the pulling power of CYMBAL advertising.

A week passed and I heard no more from Rannie about the hole in the galvanized sheet iron wall that belongs to E. H. Ewig. Another week and lo and behold, there appeared the hole!

I asked Mr. Nye at the post office about my use of it. He told me I would have to ask the Pine Cone.

I asked Rannie. He said he would have to ask Ross Miller. He would let me know. He didn't. I asked the post office again. I was told by Mr. Nye that Mr. Miller said "No." With difficulty, I learned from the reticent Mr. Nye that the Pine Cone charged me with counting Pine Cones in the post office. So I couldn't use their hole. I mustn't count Pine Cones.

So I had to ask the post office to let me cut a hole. Both Mrs. Cator, the postmaster, and Mr. Ewig, who owns the galvanized sheet iron wall, graciously permitted me to cut a hole. So I cut a hole—right alongside of the Pine Cone's hole. There was no other place to cut it.

Silly, isn't it—those two holes, side by side, through the same wall and opening onto the same floor?

And funny, too, so funny that I have to print it—because I can look through my little hole and count Pine Cones with a glance. Funny, too, because Rannie could crawl through his big hole and count CYMBALS—with his fingers.

It would be funnier if he would—and print the total.

—W. K. BASSETT

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IF YOU HAD A LITTLE DOG WITH A RED HALTER THIS IS A MESSAGE TO YOU

If you had a little black and tan dog, with fox terrier leanings, and you can't find him, this is to tell you that he is dead.

You must be concerned about his absence, because you cared enough for him to give him a bright red halter. Our chief of police has the halter.

Your little dog died about 6 o'clock Tuesday evening at Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. He was hit by an automobile. He didn't suffer long, those who stood around him and tried to help him, say. Our chief of police took the harness off the little body—a bit too roughly and without the compassion a dog lover has, many thought. And our chief disposed of your dog in a way that would sadden you and was, we think, some sort of a law violation—he dropped him in a garbage can behind a tea room.

It will probably make you very unhappy to know, but to know is better than wondering and wondering where he is.

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WE'RE IN ON THIS REVENGE, BUT WHAT IS "N. K. J. F."?

A newspaper woman in our town was stopped by a small boy the other day with a request that she publish a bit of personal news. As a matter of fact, it really isn't news at all but should go in the personal column of the classified. However, this once we will comply with the request. The young gentleman in question received a very uncomplimentary valentine last February and now, knowing the donor, he wishes revenge, which he says may be had by our printing the following initials: N. K. J. F. There you have it, and to make it double, N. K. J. F. You're welcome.

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The Elkhorn road, also known as the River road, from Sacramento to Woodland, is again open to travel following several weeks' closure due to high water, reports the Sacramento Office of the National Automobile Club. A load limit of 16,000 pounds, including both truck and load, will be in effect for a short time.

MRS. SIDNEY FISH

It is not often that the passing of an individual citizen makes any lasting difference in a community. Presidents and judges, magnates and ministers come and go, and life goes on about the same. It may be a blow to the ego to realize that the world can adjust itself without effort to our loss, but for all but a very few the fact of it is there, even though the realization of it is not.

Here and there, however, are a few outstanding spirits whose sympathies are so broad and whose willingness and ability to do good are so great that it seems that nothing can fill the void which is left when they are taken. Such was Mrs. Sidney Fish, who died last Saturday night at her home overlooking the valley.

Mrs. Fish was one who never let her own good fortune blind her to the fact that on the other side of the picture there were those who needed help. And she gave not only of her goods but of herself, which is the mark of a true neighbor and a true friend of mankind. So that today it is easy to picture hundreds of homes saddened by her passing, hundreds of eyes saying silently to each other, "Our friend is gone."

Her capacity for enthusiasms seemed unlimited. There was always a little good which she found to do somewhere. And her presence provided a rallying point for things civic. Our community has never had such a first citizen, and never—unless it is far luckier than any community deserves to be—will it have another.

"The good die young," Mrs. Fish was still a comparatively young woman when she left us. Yet in deeds of service to her community and to the individuals within it she had accomplished enough to fill many a long lifetime. And we wonder how much better world this might be, how much freer from want and misery and the unrest that accompany them, if all those who live upon hills had the spirit that burned in Olga Fish.

—R. L. M.

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DR. FRANCIS LLOYD TO TALK AT PALO ALTO

Dr. Francis E. Lloyd has gone to Palo Alto to speak before the California Botanical Society tonight on his scientific work in South Africa and Australia. He will stay with Dr. and Mrs. Herman Spoehr. Dr. Lloyd recently retired as MacDonald professor of botany at McGill University. He and Mrs. Lloyd came to Carmel two months ago to make it their permanent home. They had for many years been summer residents here and are now in the San Carlos street home which they have owned for 26 years.

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Abby Lou Bosworth leaves tomorrow with the robins for a week at Twenty-Nine Palms, that favored resort in the desert.

Bill Kneass Gets It—Even Far in Great Alone

As reported in THE CYMBAL recently, Bill Kneass went up into the mountains to get away from it all. But, as the best of the moralists, sages and old meanies will tell you, you just can't escape from Life. The harder you run and even the higher you climb, there it is, dogging your footsteps. And so, after making camp overnight behind a log somewhere, Bill and his dog went on and on into the wilds until they came to Harry Comings Ranch and there they felt the world well left behind. Dusk fell, and with it the smell of bacon. The pipe was lit. The dog lay at his master's feet, ready to hearken to his master, any old victrola record. Carmel, in all its vicious duality, lay far away and forgot.

Then a voice, guttural and challenging, came out of a swamp.

"Ewig," it said.
"Leidig," was flung back to him.
"Ewig!" the first insisted.
"Leidig! Leidig! Leidig!"
"EWIG" "LEIDIG"
"EW . . . DIG . . . WIDIG . . . LEWID . . ."

Silence. Like any two old men who have shouted each other down. The bitter truth begins to trickle to Bill—you can't get away from it, old man . . .

"Ewig," fell ricocheting into the night.

"LEIDIG."

Bill turned wearily in. He thinks perhaps—just possibly—if he moves his studio away from the corner of Dolores and Ocean, up, say, to the Post Office Building, it may be all right. He defies any frog to say Campbell & Robison, or any other frog to shout back, Joseph McCarthy, M. D.

+

La Collecta Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. V. Gansel and lunched there in honor of her birthday. There were four guests, Mrs. Mary Walls and Mrs. Mary E. Espy, of Long Beach, and Mrs. Gansel's daughters, Mrs. Dorothy MacDonald and Mrs. Gladys McCreery. Current events were discussed.

Building Permits In April \$38,000

Building permits for the month of April continue to mount up on the books. Total for the month is \$38,000. The new permits issued are:

Harry Aucourt, one story stucco store building at Lincoln between Ocean and 7th, \$3,000. Day labor.

Mrs. M. V. Philips, one story cottage at Casanova and 12th, \$3,868. M. J. Murphy, builder.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Shand, additions on their Viscaio street home, \$1,000. H. Comstock, builder.

+

Mr. and Mrs. J. Braun of New York, who spent last summer in Carmel, are back this year, now in the Beckwith house.

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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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Girl Scout Council Host to Leaders

Amid what might have passed for the mirth and merriment of a group of their own girls, the Girl Scout Council of the Monterey Peninsula entertained the Scout Leaders at a dinner at the Carmel Scout House Tuesday night. Flowers and candles and shining silver set the scene for a group of about thirty who demonstrated by their own fun and good fellowship their qualifications for directing and leading their charges.

With Mrs. Rush Wallace as head of the house committee, and Mrs. R. Van Ness leading the kitchen forces—both ably assisted—a tempting dinner was recruited; hot dishes coming from Carmel, salads from Pacific Grove, desserts from Del Monte and all the fixings from Monterey.

At the close of dinner, Mrs. G. DeLorimer, the commissioner, presented most attractive gifts to Miss Mary Ackroyd, retiring director. Miss Ackroyd was very deservedly praised for her good work with the Scouts; for the loyalty and enthusiasm which are so nearly irreplaceable qualities.

The amusement committee, headed by Mrs. C. Zumwalt, started some songs and games which were enjoyed in the true Scout spirit.

FORBES WATSON TO TALK IN MONTEREY TUESDAY

Forbes Watson, advisor to the Treasury Art Projects, Department of Painting and Sculpture, will speak at the Monterey Union High School in Room S-65 in the Old Music Building on Tuesday evening, April 27, at 8 o'clock on "Art That Belongs to the People".

Mr. Watson is a noted New York art critic and has just completed a book with Edward Bruce, well known to the Peninsula, on "Art in Federal Buildings".

He will address a group at the San Francisco Museum of Art on the following night.

Michel Penha, director for the Third Annual Bach Festival, was in Carmel last week-end rehearsing the chorus and orchestra. The Festival tempo is rising steadily and both performers and prospective audience are beginning to hum like a well-tempered clavichord. The Denny Watrous management is happy indeed in their selection of Penha for their third director.

Joe Schoeninger was one of the four University of California students to speak at the Associated Men's Gymnasium yesterday. He spoke on the development of the peace movement in the past and the plans for the future.

CLANGING CYMBALS



Well, it seems that over the long and, as the major poets would have it, weary miles that stretch throughout this land between us and Abercrombie Fitch & Co., traveled a little dog collar. Not just any little dog collar, mes enfants, but an Abercrombie and Fitch Dog Collar with the serious purpose in life of collaring a dog. But this little dog collar, by chance—or terrible mischance—when it arrived at the purlieus of the Pacific and the enchanting Carmel, found itself at the American Legion Dinner, and not a dog in a barful, unless we except... oh, never mind that. Not anything the Little Dog Collar could identify as an Abercrombie and Fitch Dog, let us say.

How our little hero got through such an evening is hard, oh, hard! to say. But, way along in the purpling hours, what was its surprise when suddenly it found itself upon a neck. It had just uttered one delicious sigh, however, when it recognized a Difference in this neck. It felt about a bit. No fur. No good wholesome dog smell. My God, no dog at all.

It tried to get away. It not only tried to get away, but people tried to get it away. The neck twisted and stretched in an effort to get it away. After a while it left the warm hamburger smell marked "Hermann's" and took a long dark ride on the neck. Still, everybody was making febrile efforts to disengage it from that Neck. Finally, giving up hope all round, the Little Dog Collar was forced to go home on the Neck.

As told to us by the little fellow himself, the worst was yet to come. The Neck had a husband who had no intention whatsoever of going to sleep in the same bed with a Dog Collar. The Neck also objected. Collar himself confided in his utter distaste for the evil smells of Elizabeth Arden. He says he could have done quite well without fur, but that stink!

He left with us a picture. The husband, quite overcome by weariness and a certain well-doing, on his knees, patiently, in the dawn, trying to extricate the Neck from a quite simple lock; trying to get his wife out of a dog collar.

SAN CLEMENTE RODEO

After we left the main road, we stopped in a pleasant field to let the dog out and have a bottle of beer. The field was matted with yellow and lavender bloom, highlighted by the jacinth of new sorrel and a brilliant little red-purple flower the name of which I don't know. The beer was good and cold. It made a nice start to the day.

Now we entered what passes for a road to the San Clemente Ranch. Someone, goaded by optimism and probably a snack of cawn likker, once built a fragile fence along its outer edge. But with the rains, boulders had come howling down in derision and spoiled whatever of illusion it may have had. Perhaps the gentle concatenation of gasoline and compression are helpful in negotiating these goat trails, but faith and insouciance help. You could reach out, giraffe-like, and nibble the tops off the redwoods whose feet lushly stomp in the bottoms a few thousand fathoms below.

As we climbed into the sun again we saw the wild lilac daintily in

bloom all over the hills. Something else would have done better for a rodeo. This seemed like going to our white church in Henniker.

Not when we came to the picnic grounds, though. No worship there, except as a Bacchanalia is worship. It was not drunken either. A man played an accordion and there was light dancing ad a pagan strain, with the sun through the trees. Billy Tripp was coming out of the small white house. I said: "Is this the ladies' room, too?" He was hurt. "Lady," he said, "you know there ain't no sex at a rodeo."

Someone pushed a bottle of beer and a great tomcat into my arms. The cat was indifferent. It seemed an occasion for indifference to him. A man in a sombrero was taking my picture with his camera held carefully upside down and using a flash. When he had finished, he came up and said: "I've been looking for you all my life." But he was staring right at the cat and went away. Then another man in a sombrero came up and took my hand warmly in his and kissed it and said: "I shall lead you to the horse pen. There is no difference between an altar and a corral. If you would like, I shall speak Hindustani to you on the way."

We started off to the rodeo, a mile or so away. He kept his hand in mine. He spoke of his first experience with a girl. Slowly and with a nostalgia over his seamy face. The girl was a little redhead of six. She had a scooter. It was springtime in Peru. The little girl was puzzled about the whole thing. The air in Peru is thin and unresisting and conducive to acquiescences.

Lynn Hodges rode up alongside. I said: "Is there any way I can get inside the fence?" Then he took my hand—or I, his—and he walked up and the gate opened and then I was in with the cowboys, the new-hawks, the shocked and plaintive cattle, the well-mannered horses.

"Rattlesnakes," said Billy Tripp from the fence behind me. He was pointing to a bottle on a hip. Someone handed me a can of beer. It was cold and a little bitter and the flank of the near horse smelt acidly good. Nick McGrath was up on Lady Luck and his silk shirt supplied against his shoulders. I thought of Ward Roeger, sitting on the ferry boat rail with Edna Millay and the silk blowing against his white back. I was filled with a sudden elation. I smiled all round at the pleasant faces under the big brims and all the faces broke out their teeth and grinned. It was not excitement, as I had expected. At least, not the kind of excitement I had expected. It was what one calls good-fellowship, I guess.

A small, white faced steer came up to the gate. The man with the long gadget that looked like a sick nurse's dream of a hypodermic needle, smiled at him and stuck the charged metal into him. When he catapulted into the corral, he looked quite pleased and instantly began to flirt with the idea of ridding himself of Joe Algrava, who was on his back. Joe clung, until I could feel the constriction in my own loins of that will to stick on. I cramped my knees together in sympathy, but finally Joe got off and the steer laughed with the rest of us.

A baby sitting on his father's lap on the fence, took the bottle idly away from his dirty face and solemnly said, "Yippee."

When the steers came loping back across the corral, they looked like a lot of small boys on the

Fourth. One middish-sized bull snorted for fun of it. Ki Silacci with his green shirt was riding around on the little pinto mare, Blossom; Billy Shepard sat hunched up on the opposite fence; John Beach, who had come over from Sonora, from the filming of "Hop Along Cassidy", to ride his little bay stallion, Cottontail, was biggest and too startlingly handsome to fit, quite. Helen Salter rode the fence with a bucking rein.

The roping began. I dropped on my belly for a better view between hocks and tooled boots. Someone handed me a bottle of beer. It was cold and good. Five buzzards came up over and let themselves down the wind. The gate opened and an old brown milch cow came out, her udder waving sideways. She looked around, disgusted. A chap called. "Hello, grandmother," and she went sedately off. Then a red hot calf came bolting in and someone on Tom Mix's chestnut gelding right after him. The calf made a fat pile in the dust. "Terry has made a catch," Spud Murphy said. Terry hogtied the steer and up went the watcher's hands. When he was let up, the calf made a bow and went into the wings.

A cowboy saw me biting the dust. "Poor little woman," he said, "My grandmother's ear was bitten off by the Indians. Ah, she was a wild old thing. She had to be hogtied to nurse her children. Oh-ki-yi. Ki-yi." And he backed his horse up against my face.

Bud Roberts, the friar on horseback, came up with his tie rope in his mouth. Someone yelled, "No cow!" and an old cowboy rode slowly in, looking hurt to the point of tears. He ran his hand along the neck of his mare and coiled his rope without looking up. The buzzards fell out of the sky again.

I rose reluctantly from the savory dust. The shadows of four redwoods were clutching the easterly side of a hill. The last calf had made a meteoric swish across the open and gone down in the dust. They were already loading the horses.

A strawberry roan was delicately refusing to budge into the truck. A chap on each side was gently placing one forefoot after another, like teaching a child to walk. But no cow. Someone pushed him from behind and he came up in back like a buck nigger truckin'.

"Build a trailer 'round him."
"Send him home parcel post."
"Shut up, you goddam fool."

"What 'n hell do you know about a horse? You'd oughter be home pinnin' your kid's didies."

The rein dropped. Men closed. They rolled on the grass, biting and howling. The crowd gathered. A young man picked up the bridle rein and touched the roan's nose and led him up the gangway.

Day sank into the valleys, turning to dew. In the light of a kerosene lamp, we ate hot, delicious bis-

uits, new butter. Cowboys, tired and the noise gone out of them, balanced their hats on a rafter and fell to. Up on the hill, the steers chewed in content, rubbing sides. The old tom cat came and looked indifferently at us and sat down, blinking.

When we came into the pleasant field, just before entering the main road, we stopped and let the dog out and had a bottle of beer. The moon in her dichotomy lay frosting on the hills. I felt tired, but elated. A cowboy came along, singing, and swinging a long loop against the sky.

—LYNDA SARGENT

RANCH CLUB TO INAUGURATE BADMINTON TOMORROW

Tomorrow night the Mission Ranch Club plans officially to open the Badminton Courts with a dinner and a couple of reputed rousing games. Monday they were sanding the floors like mad and the air rang with the sound of hammers whose aim, besides and beyond the nails, was a completed court by Saturday. The dinner, *avec le vin*, will be \$1.25 a head. All reservations should be in by 3 o'clock today. Your plate on the table will be assured by calling Carmel 935. Badminton and badmit-out-em (we mean the reservations).

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF PAINTER VISITS PENINSULA

Hashime Murayama, National Geographic staff artist, did some research work and a bit of sightseeing on the Monterey Peninsula last week. He is the artist who does those pretty grand and much-sought-after scientific paintings of animals and birds and fish. Murayama has specialized on fish. As you probably know, Pacific Grove is the finest collecting spot on the whole Pacific Coast, a combination of both warm and cold currents providing a great variety of sea life. Anyway, the artist came, saw and was happy.

Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie (Jean Ritchie of the wool shop) returned to town and to business this week after spending the winter in Washington, D. C., with her husband who has a government job of importance. Bob returned with her, as far as Nevada, but stopped over there on business and then continued on to Oakland where he is at present. He plans to come to Carmel soon to spend his vacation.

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Parity of Status Between Employer And Employee Is Paramount Issue Paul Eliel Tells Women Voters

That parity of status between employer and employee has been the paramount issue with which labor has been concerned in its recent struggles, was the focal point on which Paul Eliel turned his discussion of Collective Bargaining before the League of Women Voters and their guests at a luncheon meeting at Pine Inn on Friday.

In answer to the question posed by his subject, What is Collective Bargaining, Mr. Eliel gave, first, Beatrice Webb's description of the process: "If a group of workmen concert together and send representatives to conduct bargaining on behalf of the whole group, the position (as compared to individual bargaining) is at once changed. The employer meets with the collective will and settles in a single agreement, the principles upon which, for the time being, all workmen of the particular group or class or grade will be engaged." Among other definitions, Mr. Eliel used this: "Collective Bargaining is where representatives of the employers and employees sit down around a table and the side that is the strongest gets what it wants."

That this latter is a statement of fact and can be treated as a working definition for an arrangement for carrying out a business deal, Mr. Eliel accepts; that it may be used, according to the relative strength of the bargaining parties, to such purposes that the equities are lost in the majorities, he also grants. In other words, collective bargaining is a power mechanism and subject to abuses of power.

What, then, are the devices used by the stronger to move the weaker? The strike and the lockout. The withholding of labor power. The withholding of the job. The situation is not, however, as simple as this. "For while wages and hours, in time of normal business conditions, constitute the most frequent of industrial disputes, other questions, particularly those relating to organization and recognition, are the primary causes of today's disturbances." Up to recently, the employer has deemed it his whole duty to sit down and discuss grievances with his employee, free, then, to settle matters in his own way. But this is not collective bargaining. "For the very essence of true collective bargaining is an implied recognition of the parity of status of the parties to the bargaining process." Does the employer recognize his employee as his peer?

When this recognition is granted and the employer agrees to a mutuality of right to accept or reject proposals, and to the proposition that the employee may designate his own bargaining agency, sole and exclusive, collective bargaining has then become a fait accompli.

Discarding the practice of proportional representation as confusing, Mr. Eliel thinks the best way to determine who shall be the sole bargaining agency is by the good old democratic process of election; majority rule. Having settled upon the union—or other accredited group—responsible for making the agreements, there should be a written agreement, made for a fixed term.

"Most trade unionists would argue that any negotiations carried on either with an employee representation plan or with a company union were a travesty on true collective bargaining," Mr. Eliel thinks. On the part of the workers, an outside union guarantees continuity of interest, a solid front against employer abuses and the willingness of all

to make sacrifices to a common cause. The well-organized outside union assures to the employer, on the other hand, the faking of responsibility for the discipline and cohesion of his men by carefully selected leaders. In Mr. Eliel's opinion, neither company unions nor employee representation plans are usually as independent as outside unions. It is, then, the independent union man, assured of strength within his union, self-respecting and willing to make some sacrifice for his status, perfectly free to cast his ballot for his representative and foresworn to abide by majority decision, who will form the nucleus for the spirit of true collective bargaining.

Mr. Eliel is director of the department of industrial relations at the Stanford University Graduate School of Business—one of three such institutions in this country.

Del Monte Track For Races Opens On May 31

After a lapse of five years, horse racing will come into its own again on the Monterey Peninsula with the inaugural meet of the Monterey County Racing Association to be held at the Del Monte track May 31 to June 5.

With the appointment of Judge Floyd McKenney, noted horse racing official, as presiding steward at the meet, plans are going ahead rapidly, according to Henry Potter Russell, executive director of the association.

Judge McKenney and Russell made a tour of inspection last week and the veteran steward, who has presided at former Del Monte meets, declared the Del Monte mile track in excellent condition and one of the best racing strips in the country.

In discussing prospects for the season, Judge McKenney predicted that it would be a record-breaking meet. He also pointed out that racing has made tremendous gains since the sport was last held at Del Monte in 1932 and that the Santa Anita meet showed that California had regained its leadership on the turf.

Although stall space for the 400 thoroughbreds who will compete at Del Monte has not yet been assigned, owners of leading stables in California have already signified their intention of being represented.

We hear from Rhoda Johnson that Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Trevvett will return to their home in Hatton Fields about the middle of May. The Trevvetts have been enjoying Springtime in Paris (France, if you must know).

Betty Mack, who is secretary to Beatrice Judd Ryan in charge of traveling exhibits for the Federal Art Projects, took a cottage in Carmel for this past week. Betty came down to relieve the necessity for a nervous breakdown. She is practically causing a score of nervous breakdowns in the ranks of her attendants swains, which is the best cure we know of. It isn't a rest, it's a change we all need, and new fields to conquer.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

"And right humanly, doth the dog enact his part, performing these his antics with seeming joye, so as to delight all who observe him."

A modest young lady for whom the stage holds more "joye" than a home and family is Bonny Thompson. She is so engrossed in her theatrical career under the guidance of her master, W. F. Thompson, the dog expert, that she completely neglects her two young children. Her mistress is quite distressed by Bonny's unwillingness to assume the role of a good mother, but Bonny says anyone can raise children but few have the innate genius to win dramatic laurels.

Dinty Moore Hill has decided that never again will he indulge in the sin of gluttony. Dinty used to think it was great fun to beg his mistress, Mrs. W. H. Hill, for tidbits (in addition to his regular dinner). The better the tidbits, the more he begged until, oh dear, he ate too much and got an awful tum-my-ache. Dinty's new motto is "Moderation in all things—to eat".

Marc Antony von Saltza Brown Keel, former villager, returned last week-end with his present owner, Miss Marguerite Keel, for a short visit. Tony had a grand time revisiting old haunts and digging up old bones he had buried when he lived here as a puppy.

The attractive long-haired dachshund belonging to the vom Rath twins, Marie and Cecelia, is a very perverse young man. The twins brought him from Germany and selected several very nice names for him. However, he didn't like the names and refuses to answer to any one of them. Young Mr. vom Rath feels that he is entitled to be a bit particular because—are not his ancestors to be found carved in stone of old Egyptian monuments dating back to 2,000 years before Christ? (How about "Tutankhamen", a long name for a long dog?) So until a name can be found to suit his fancy, he trots about nameless, a procession in himself as he trails along after his mistress.

Another young lady who is dissatisfied with her name is Trixie Moreing Brounton. She was quite happy when it was just "Trixie Moreing", but when "Brounton" was added to her name, a third member was added to the family—a new master. Trixie was used to having all the attention of her mistress and she doesn't like sharing. She shows her disapproval by completely ruining the upholstery of the car when her new master takes her riding with her mistress.

Maikai Gonser (the dog with the plush ears) is recovering from a severely cut foot. He hurt his foot when he stepped on a broken liquor bottle on the beach, left, he believes by some Stanford student who was doing a little home-work in the name of science on the recently-executed "canine souse" experiment. Maikai is quite pleased with the attention resulting from

Who the Chefs De Luxe at Carmel's Mission Ranch Club Are—and Why

We sat and nibbled at some delicious rum pudding (they call this kind "fromage" because pudding is too heavy a name for the airy lightness of the stuff) and some crunchy thin wafers. They were offered to us as samples of the culinary skill of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wessel, chefs de luxe of the Mission Ranch Club. And while we murmured our appreciation, between bites, we gathered a bit of the interesting background of these two interesting people.

Mr. Wessel, who is noted for his fine American cooking, came to California from his native Pennsylvania in 1887. His uncle had a fine bakery and café, and you know uncles, so you know that young Herman went right to work.

He has been in the fine food business ever since. At one time he worked for two seasons at the old Napa Soda Springs, where they served from two to three hundred diners a day, and on special banquet occasions the numbers went up into the thousands. Napa Soda Springs was once the official White House for three weeks when President Harrison, a great friend of the owner, came there for a visit. Those were the big times when they built a great stone rotunda, now used for dancing, but originally

his injury and he goes hopping about on three legs, holding the fourth up for all his friends to see—and proudly points out the three brand-new stitches in his paw.

A Tiff
Your little dog that bark'd as I came by
I strake by hap so hard, I made him cry
And straight you put your finger on your eye,
And lowing sate, and asked the reason why,
Love me, and love my Dog, thou didst reply.
Love as both should be loved, I will, said I,
And sealed it with a kisse. Then by and by
Clear'd were the clouds of thy faire frowning skie.
—Sir John Harrington

Miss Mary Lee and Mrs. Rea Smith of Los Angeles, who have rented a cottage in Carmel, are enjoying some of our grand weather and seeing a bit of the town.

Several turns are to be eliminated on the road between Nevada City and Downieville during the coming season, reports the Sacramento Office of the National Automobile Club. Also scheduled for early improvement is the very winding stretch between Downieville and Goodyear Bar, which is to be widened, graded, surfaced and re-aligned to eliminate sharp turns.

planned to exercise prize race horses, with their stalls opening on to ring.

Mrs. Wessel comes from Denmark and has learned her art and practised it in many different countries. She has been under famous French chefs and has run the kitchens for great English homes, where she has cooked eight courses every night and has had half a dozen servants under her. She has followed her trade to Europe, England and Scotland; and finally came to the United States and the west coast.

Her blue eyes grow a bit serious as she tells us that the finest cooking in the world is found in the big homes, where time is provided to the master of the kitchen to turn out something inspired and well cooked, not just thrown together. That is the kind of cooking the Wessels are giving and will give at the Mission Ranch, and they are depending on the love for well-cooked food to bring people again and again to their dining halls. Personally we think, from the sample we had, that is reason enough to become a member.

Mrs. Wessel's specialty is Danish pastry, those miraculous things that go into the oven thin as paper and come out all puffed up with pride in their own creation... and no baking powder either. It's all in the way you do it.

—V. S.

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INTERESTING THINGS

PEOPLE WRITE IN

TURNS ON THE GAS IN POETRY

The Cymbal, Carmel, California

You did me the honor (about a hundred years ago) of publishing one of my poems. I used to work in your enchanting town as a chimney sweep, janitor and whatnot; in fact, I cleaned the windows one time for Daisy Bostick, then editor of the Pine Cone.

In those good old days I was young and full of hope (you know how it is) but since have developed into a downright pessimist, owing, as Damon Runyon would say, to this and that.

Well, anyhow, I have tried to express something of my naive reactions in the enclosed poem. If you can't use it, no hard feelings, I'm sure. Just throw it in the wastebasket and light another cigarette.

Watsonville, California

Sincerely yours

Charles Coop

HOPELESS

This hope is not enough;

This faith can never cure—

Give me the cruder stuff,

Material and sure.

Seek not to ease my woe

With any crass advice,

But when I'm hungry—go

And get me chops and rice.

Build me no mansions fair

On pale aesthetic planes;

For the purple domes of air

Leak—when it really rains,

And the glamorous halls of gold,

That gleam in the mystic's mind,

Will not keep out the cold

Of the careless wintry wind.

I dreamed in my fervid youth

Of gorgeous and sundry things;

Of the justice and joy of truth

Which a far off future brings,

But I learn as the wheels of fate

Grind on in their callous way

That "tomorrow" will come too late

For me to enjoy today.

So give me a heaping plate

Of the good earth's full supply,

For I want my chow in the here and now

And not in the by-and-by,

And get me a loving mate

A blonde—and at once—you mind,

Not an angel fair on a golden stair,

But the real and physical kind.

Aye, these are the factors prime

Which make for our mortal cheer—

Not the hopes of an after time,

Nor the myths of a higher sphere;

Not riches and power—no!

Just a home and a decent pay,

And the freedom to live and grow

In a liberal human way.

—C. COOP

A FEW PERTINENT WORDS ABOUT OUR POLICE

Editor, The Cymbal:

I find it difficult to believe that I expressed myself so ineptly as to give the impression published in a Carmel newspaper (not THE CYMBAL) regarding my remarks before the city council. Certainly an impression so unfortunately remote from that I wished to convey should, in all justice, be speedily corrected. As writing is a more familiar mode of expression to me than public speech I hope this letter may make what I was trying to say reasonably clear.

To say that I implied dislike of all policemen and Carmel policemen in particular is absurd. I have never had personal encounter with law enforcement officers—in Carmel or elsewhere—to give me reason for any such specific animosity. And I happen to regard the problem I attempted to discuss as considerably more fundamental than personal. As evidence of some familiarity with and a long-standing interest in the problems of good government—city, state and national—I might cite my record in two universities as well as some subsequently published articles. Believing such concern the obligation as well as the privilege of citizenship, I shall doubtless continue it—despite the discouraging reception accorded my recent effort.

Far from regarding the police antagonistically I believe all police officers—although not necessarily

affectionately esteemed—should at least be looked upon with friendliness and respect. Establishing such a relationship between police and population seems to me a basic step in providing desirable and efficient law enforcement. Its absence, I believe, is accountable for much of the just criticism given the entire American law enforcement system and for most of that directed at the Carmel police force. I do not believe Carmel police worse offenders in their failure to inspire this desirable response of friendliness and respect than the majority of American policemen, but I believe that Carmel—being what it is—might set an example rather than emulate the mistakes of other cities.

Perhaps it is upon this question of the right relationship between police and citizenry and how it may be best attained that I differ with some members of the city council and police force. I do not believe that respect for the law or ease of administration is engendered by a display of bullets, belts or badges. While as a taxpayer I may object to the police chief's paying \$19 for a badge, whether I like the uniforms or whether I don't is not important. No aesthetic question is involved—merely one of ultimate efficiency. I have lived in a number of American cities and towns and a few foreign ones and never was I met by such a menacing display as is the costume of our chief of police.

One would think Carmel anticipated at least an invasion of public enemies. London, with some police problems even Carmel does not have, manages to remain the best policed city in the world without a revolver in the entire force. Carmel might well take a lesson from the Bobby in more ways than one.

I think that there is convincing proof that our methods incite our youthful visitors to defiance instead of fear (if such be the intent) and frequently arouse in the mature something more than a mild irritation against unnecessary display. The Easter week record of which the chief of police boasted—32 arrests and "more than three hundred" accostings—stands as sufficient indictment. As further indication of the type of criticism being made of the police force I refer you to Noel Sullivan's letter published some time ago.

The reactions which I have personally heard, and gave to the council because I believed they were invited, have come to me less from public discussion than in my own home where I occasionally entertain Carmel people as well as Carmel visitors. I have heard a number of incidents which indicate that Carmel's record of arrests is more a matter of vindication of such a large force than protecting the population.

Personally I did object to the chief of police functioning in a judicial rather than an executive capacity so far as our business was concerned, but I have had no such complaint to make for the past year. The only time I was accosted by the police was for parking too far down the center lane. I think I was told of this with quite an unnecessary display of rudeness. And while I think courtesy not incompatible with efficiency in traffic regulation, I harbor no personal grievance. However, I have seen a member of the force speed through a stop sign with no signal at some 60 miles an hour in pursuit of a motorist who crossed at a much lesser speed. This was at night when the streets were practically deserted, but if the motorist was a menace the policeman was much more so. It is this spirit of arrests for the sake of arrest which I deplore. I am not implying that they are made for the sake of revenue so much as for the sake of justifying an unnecessarily large police force. Four men taking care of Carmel's police problem must of necessity make ill-advised arrests and accostings to make any individual showing of activity. I do know that at least one policeman has publicly boasted of the amount of revenue which his arrests have contributed.

I agree with the members of the council who said that police problems and costs are not to be considered so much in relationship to the population as to the character of the population and the nature of the city. On that basis I believe any intelligent, fair-minded analysis of Carmel's policing problem must arrive at the conclusion that it is less and not greater than any average city of its size. It is not an industrial town, not a port and not the usual resort. Certainly we should not omit a consideration of the timid ladies who inhabit Carmel, but I think it a misconception of adequate policing to think that their safety requires an extra policeman and decidedly unfair to taxpayers.

From newspaper work there I know rather intimately the police problems of one Pacific coast town having a thousand more population than Carmel. That town is a port for river boats as well as sea-going vessels, drains an industrial and farming district and still was quite safely policed by one man! I do

not imply that Carmel needs only one, but I do believe that to hire four policemen indicates that either the problem is not correctly analyzed or the men have been wrongly chosen and trained.

I did not say, as I was quoted as saying, that D. E. Nixon was the best policeman Carmel ever had. I am not sufficiently familiar with either the past or present records of the police department to dare to make any such statement. I did say that many merchants felt that in removing Mr. Nixon from the police force the most adequate protection they had was taken away. To have all officers motorized is to permit them to answer calls away from the business district. Many merchants believed this left the business section unprotected and valued Mr. Nixon's services sufficiently to pay for them in addition to the police force. I'll cheerfully admit that in innate courtesy, a fair and considerate attitude in dealing with the public he represents the type of policeman which I believe Carmel wants and should have. And I do know that the police commissioner's report of his record was inaccurate.

Perhaps you gather that I think the present policing detracts from Carmel's charm without adding to its safety. I do. And I'll even admit that there is a prowler. He's never deigned to bother me, but I know one attractive young woman who did see him. She called the police and then, in her own words, had more trouble in getting rid of the man who answered the call than the prowler! And I wonder if I suggest the impossible when I opine that any efficient two-man force could get rid of any prowler inhabiting Carmel in less than two weeks.

—MRS. R. H. BRAMER

+ + +

Firemen Plan For Moving In

Carmel's volunteer firemen expect to realize the dream of many years this week. On Saturday morning they are planning to pick up their things and place them with dispatch and decision in their new fire house. Having so done, they intend to put a temporary "welcome" sign on the door and let the populace look them over—they and the fire house—on Saturday night, and for those who can't crowd in then, on Saturday morning.

All that worries them is whether the doors will open, stay open or, having opened, will close when they get the public out and want to go to bed. Those doors, as we have reluctantly noted elsewhere, aren't so hot on doing just what doors are expected to do.

Mrs. Lydia Weld Is New Head of Women Voters

At the biennial elections held by the Monterey County League of Women Voters at Pine Inn Friday, Miss Lydia Weld was chosen president. Miss Weld is a comparative newcomer to Carmel—having built out on the Point only last year—and, by a life of varied and interesting experiences, is especially qualified to hold office of this consequence.

The following is the panel of other officers elected:

Mrs. J. H. Sandholdt, first vice-president; Miss Orre Haseltine, second vice-president; Mrs. D. Marx Greene, treasurer; Miss Ruth Huntington, recording secretary; Mrs. Lee Kellogg, corresponding secretary.

Directors were elected as follows: from Salinas, Mrs. Carl Voss; Monterey, Mrs. Mast Wolfson; Pacific Grove, Miss Alice Work; Carmel, Mrs. David S. Ball, and at large, Miss Lorena C. Ray.

Under the chairmanship of Mrs. Russell Scott, an all-day session on the subject, "Evolving of the Foreign Policy", was held Tuesday at the home of Miss Emily Pitkin at Carmel Highlands.



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Personalities & Personals

Miss Margaret Morrison of Chicago will speak on Christian Science at Sunset Auditorium next Sunday, April 24, at three o'clock. The lecture is free and the public is invited to attend.

Mrs. Cary Voss, president of the Monterey County League of Women Voters, together with Miss Lydia Weld of Carmel, who will assume that office in June, will leave next week for New York City and Washington, D. C., at which latter place they will attend the National Council of the League. They will be away about a month, driving a new car back. Personally, we think it very considerate of the national organization to have its meeting in cherry blossom time.

The Carmel Missionary Society will meet at All Saints Church Wednesday, April 27, at 2:30 p. m. Miss Ena Hoag, Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas and Miss Flora Gifford will speak on Negro Education in America.

A resident of Carmel for the last fifteen of her seventy-three years, Mrs. Mary Reck died last Monday. Mrs. Reck was a native of New York State and leaves a husband, John Reck, a sister, Mrs. George W. King, of Minnesota, and a daughter and son, Mrs. Fred M. Tolle of Carmel and Frank G. Davis of Minnesota. The funeral was held in Fresno.

Stopping at Pine Inn and visiting her many friends in Carmel is Mrs. Tipton Blish of Seymour, Indiana.

Helen Alderson of Carmel and Peter Wilcoxon of Pacific Grove were married April 13 by Justice of the Peace, Fred J. Voll, in Hollister. The Wilcoxens are making their home in Carmel where the groom is employed. The couple are both graduates of Pacific Grove High School.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Pedalsord of Pasadena have taken the Wilber house at the Highlands for the summer.

Jim and Grace Thoburn got off to Sonora last Wednesday, in spite of a cat that got itself into a hole in the wall and wouldn't come out. They had practically to tear the house down, but all's well now. The Thoburns will be back some time Sunday. If Hermann Kern and Mac McCreery can stay away from the tennis courts long enough, business will be conducted as usual in the "adobe" building across from the library.

George Oppen of San Francisco came to town last week to visit his daughter, our caustic commentator on Carmel Capers, Libby Ley. Libby's sister, June, may also be gracing our familiar shores for the week-end, but she is a very unpredictable lady.

Peggy Fitzgerald's mother reports that Peg is now dancing with the summer "pop" opera in New York, now that the Metropolitan Opera season is closed. Peggy has been studying with Martha Graham and Louis Horst and is having a grand time down in Greenwich Village.

Mrs. Edwin Kehr and Mrs. Adolph Hanke gave a skating and sup-

Virginia Sees Bright Spring Morning In Federal Project Water Colors

There is nothing so nice on a bright spring morning as a group of watercolors which carry the lightness and brightness into the room. The present show at the Federal Art Gallery in the Seven Arts Court has lightness and brightness and some very fine painting.

A group of four, three by George Post, and one by Dong Kingman, greet you as you step inside the door. Post is doing some splendid work though at this time his colors are a bit more grey than usual. The "Alcatraz Island" is a particularly fine example of his ability to work out a rather complicated composition by means of equality of tone and contrast of color. Dong Kingman's paintings of "Waterfront" and "Pier 28" are stronger in tone. He seems to use the lower register of his paint box with a very fine effect. John Holland, who had a one-man show at the Gallery recently, also is dark by comparison with the others and the one painting shown of his is not as good as some of his others which were in the earlier shows. At either end of the group on the big wall are "Street Scene" and "Landscape" by Robert Spray. The latter is a fuzzy piece of workmanship, but the former shows what Spray can do in his better moments and it is quite good in dark and light value.

In the center of the end wall is a composition by Ernst Stolz, "Lady Reading." Stolz taught caricature at the Arts and Crafts School in Oakland and with all of the Hans Hoffman which shows through his drawings, there is a certain something which he can do to a human face which makes us want to have it around. (We have one at home which has been up for ages.) John Haley's, "Tanks" unfortunately does not stand up when seen at a distance though the intent of the artist may be seen at a closeup.

Surrealist is perhaps the name for Andre Rexroth's two drawings, but they are not the mad things

per party in honor of Dr. Kehr's birthday Wednesday evening. A group of about 40 guests went to the "Prince of Wales" rollerdrome on the Del Monte highway and afterward returned to Mrs. Hanke's home in Hatton Fields for refreshments.

The Mission Ranch Club served luncheon to about 20 guests last Sunday. On the previous Friday afternoon Mrs. R. D. Girvan, mother-in-law of manager Tevis, entertained 20 guests at tea and bridge in the clubhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey Robinson are staying at the Lodge while Mr. Robinson is doing the scenario of "Tovarich" for the movies. Among the other plays that he has done are "Call It a Day", "Give Me Your Heart" and "Stolen Holiday".

Our fellow staff writer, Francis Lloyd, last week mentioned Sir Francis Drake and the discussion now raging about whether he ever got into San Francisco Bay or not. The chroniclers say that Drake went right past the Golden Gate in a "most stynkinge fogge", and having lived most of our life in the midst of that "fogge" we consider the matter closed. The obstacles were too great for even a Drake.

Mrs. Zulema Pfeiffer arrived home Wednesday via the China Clipper from Manila. She was called home because of the illness of her husband who is at the Peninsula Hospital.

that name usually brings to mind. As a matter of fact, if you really want a pleasant introduction to this phase of modern painting, we can think of no better occupation than just studying his watercolor "Composition" for a long time. You perhaps won't figure it out or even figure out why you like it but we believe you will like it if you give yourself half a chance. Call it a decorative piece if that will help you into the right frame of mind.

Lawrence Holmberg has two of his series of costume plates from the Italian Comedy characters in the show. This young man puts a great deal more than just costumes into his delicately lined watercolors. Not the least of the 17 pieces on display are three by Sergey Scherbakoff, done with an oriental fineness of detail and love of the fanciful. There is a translucent quality to the color which Scherbakoff uses although the tones are anything but weak. They stand out against the others in the room because of the imagination and freedom in the subject matter and the restraint in the actual painting.

As we said before, there is a bright spring morning in a group of watercolors. Go see the show.

—VIRGINIA C. SCARDIGLI

COMMUNITY CHURCH FORUM WILL STUDY RELATION OF CHRIST TO COMMUNISM

At the Community Church, beginning Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and continuing for an hour each Sunday evening during the month of May, there will be a study group and forum for discussion centering about the theme of "Christ's Alternative to Communism", a book by E. Stanley Jones. Members and friends of the Church are invited to attend.

Mrs. J. L. Fitch has agreed to be the regular leader for the adult discussion group which meets at the Church School at 9:45 each Sunday morning. This Sunday's topic will be the "Relation of Psychology to Religion".

At the regular Sunday morning 11 o'clock service Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., the pastor, will preach on the subject, "How Big is Your World?" Dr. Lawrence Knox will sing.

Mrs. Bill Froli, Conrad Imelman and we have a fascinating idea.

Signers Sought On Petition For New Post Office Here

Petitions are being circulated by the Carmel Business Association asking for signers to an appeal to Postmaster General Jim Farley for a survey of the situation and the need for a new site and building for the Carmel post office.

One of the petitions can be signed at the post office where Mrs. James Regan will take signatures during the next six days. It is the intent of the business association to obtain on one petition, if possible, post office box holders, and on another property owners and taxpayers generally.

The petition cites that the people of Carmel desire no mail delivery, "except in the business section", but are "a unit in the desire that a post office site be acquired and an adequate structure be erected thereon".

Alvin Beller, Carmel artist, sailed on the President Lincoln for Hawaii last week.

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Jose Ramis, Painter and Proletarian, Re-Visits Peninsula After Ten Years

Jose Ramis dropped into town last week to hail old friends and meet new faces since his last time here almost ten years ago. He lived in Monterey then, painted pictures and wrote poetry and talked his blond, blue-eyed head off about social problems and Life and Art.

Ramis is a short little fellow and with all the fire that his Spanish heritage could give him. He was born in Gerona in the province of Catalonia, not far from Serra's birthplace. When he was 23 he left his native hills and went to South America; then came to this country and the Monterey Peninsula. He worked on the big Serra Fiesta, doing posters and managing the bull-fights, and he also painted many of the historically interesting spots on the Peninsula.

Now he has just returned from South America where he not only painted many of the native scenes but did a lot of archaeological work, digging up old Inca ruins and providing himself with a great amount of pictorial data for future reference work.

There were many interesting things Ramis had to say about his trip, which was cut short, indirectly, because of the present Spanish situation. Ramis was exhibiting in Peru, which is a hotbed of Fascism (according to him), and expressed his opinion of General Franco in no uncertain terms, saying that he hoped and expected the loyalists to win out in the end. The Peruvians, who had thought his paintings were fine up until then, just naturally froze him out and made it quite clear that Peru, minus Ramis, was a much nicer place.

His own Spanish language, plus the fact that he applied himself to the study of the native languages, helped him in many ways to get near to the Indians and enabled him to do many sketches and take a whole boxful of snapshots.

One of the most interesting adventures he had was at the wedding of two Indians, who were first married in one of the old Spanish churches with the priest chanting "a lot of stuff they couldn't understand anyway". A little later Ramis was walking in the hills away from the village and heard some weird chanting and native music. Rounding the top of a hillock he came on a group of the same Indians performing their own version of the marriage feast, singing and dancing with strange music coming from the three unique native instruments—a harp, quite like that of the early Egyptians, reed pipes, and a clay trumpet, which gave a particularly mournful note. Because he was the only white man present they seemed a bit doubtful of letting him into their gathering, until he said in their own language that he was an artist and would like to draw them. Then he was welcomed with open arms, and the bride and groom came to him to be blessed. All of which shows again that art is a universal language.

Ramis spoke of the great difference between the Indians of Ecuador and Chile and those of Peru. The former are strong and healthy and have greatly progressed in their culture, but the native Peruvians, descendants of the ancient Incas, are being ravaged by their own taste and preference for the cocoa plant. The cocoa is the origin of cocaine, and the Indian will go for a 40-mile trek without food, with a heavy load on his back, when he is doped up with this stuff. They prefer it to food and you can't get a native to work for you unless you give him his daily ration. "So what

you gonna do, I don't know," says Jose Ramis, his hands expressing a Spanish question mark.

Ramis' South American paintings will be exhibited in July at Paul Elder's in San Francisco, and he hopes to have at least one showing on the Peninsula. Ramis has now gone to Santa Barbara to fulfill a commission for drawings of his archaeological finds.

+

MRS. A. W. CLARK PRESIDES AT BIRTHDAY PARTY

Radiant in navy crepe and a navy lace mantilla-like cap, and decorated with the honors and imponderable emoluments of her eighty-four years, Mrs. A. W. Clark accepted the loving felicitations of a group of her friends on her birthday Tuesday.

Among other gifts, beautiful blooms of California springtime graced the room, and the diversity in age and interests among her guests attested to the wide ranging of her own blithe spirit. Those who went to offer her something more than the homage due to the accomplishment of many gracious years—a sense of contemporary and loving companionship—came away with the gift of revival which she always tucks into your heart before you leave her. On the base of things steadfastly maintained throughout the years, she adds what she likes that is brand new—Pete Pringle and the Merry-Go-Round, for instance; and very young and devoted friends.

Those dropping in during the day were Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bachter, Mrs. Margaret Perceval, George E. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. James Thoburn, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McCreery, Philip Wilson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rooke-Ley, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Otto, William E. Kneass, Jr., William John, Miss Elaine Carter, Mrs. Lynda Sargent-Simpson, Miss Hazel Coolidge and Miss Anzoletta Claypool.

Sitting across the room watching her lovely face we were reminded of something someone said to Julia Peterkin when she was found weeping over her own ugliness at the age of twenty. "If you are homely when you are twenty, that is the work of nature; but if you are not beautiful after forty, that is your own fault."

—L. S.

+

IN ALL THE SUNSHINE IS MRS. BELVAIL SHOWERED

With all this nice weather going on, it is of interest that Mrs. Raleigh Belvail was the motif for a shower last Thursday evening. The shower was given her, in conjunction with a surprise party, by her mother, Mrs. W. M. Golden, her sister, Mrs. Everette Williams, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. J. Belvail.

The guests who gathered for the "surprise" were Mrs. Kay Mathison, Mrs. Ralph Johnson, Mrs. J. F. O'Hanlon, Mrs. Peter Wilcoxon, Mrs. Floyd Rogers, Mrs. David Allen, Mrs. Arthur Williams, Mrs. Carlyle Lewis, Mrs. Edward Francis, Mrs. Willard Paige, Mrs. J. O. Belvail, Mrs. Noble Barter, Mrs. Russell Murray, Mrs. Gene Ricketts, Helen Randol, Irene Culp and Frances Abby.

+

Mrs. Bill Froli, Conrad Imelman and we have a swell idea.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

This place is like a tornado-torn landscape, confined within four walls. I mean the room I'm sitting in as I write. Your correspondent is not in a Spanish shambles. Definitely no! Just at home.

It's like this. Parents having arrived some time ago from what the bindle stiffs call "all over", their lares and penates have duly caught up with them, and here am I, in the midst of those lares and penates.

Now lares and penates are apt to include most anything. Just now we lifted out of a packing case a dubious-looking package, carefully wrapped up in heavy paper. We carefully opened it, and behold, the top of an ancient gas stove.

On the other hand, before me is the top of a pedestal, done in oak, a beautifully carved hunk torn out of a building that long ago graced the campus of McGill University, and now one with the dust as progress brings better buildings, more and noisier rah-rah.

Then there's the piano. Henry Cowell played on it here in 1916. He played on it again in Montreal in 1929. It's travelled six or seven thousand miles and since we've had it I've learned to play it, under "Mother" Carrington's guidance, and forgotten how. A couple of violins over in the corner have had a similar history. One came down from Alaska years ago with a Russian fisherman. It was my pet and now I can't even scratch "Home, Sweet Home" on its strings.

Almost I forgot a little pastel sketch over the mantel. M. De Neale Morgan did that when we lived on Lincoln street opposite the Aucourts in 1911. It's me and it's a little shrimp in those long, black cotton stockings we used to wear out at the knees.

Gosh! What's a home without its lares and penates? And here our home has been an empty shell on this Carmel hillside all these years.

+

Most of the stuff is just junk, but a pewter jug is an exception. It belonged to "Ma's" Aunt Rose in Northfield, Mass., where and when D. L. Moody was starting his seminars there and in Mount Hermon.

+

"Ma" now tells me how Moody got his idea. He was walking one day on Northfield Mountain and five miles back in the country met some girls of high school age, daughters of an Oberlin graduate, who had no chance for education beyond grammar school. Pity stirred this great man and he went forward to found his famous seminaries. "Ma" was in the first class to graduate at Northfield.

+

Somehow, "Dad" got down to a religious conference. So did Alonzo Stagg, veteran football coach known from coast to coast. A good time was had by all and in due time a romance burst into being, but, as Mr. Kipling said, that is another one.

+

Let's stick to the football side of this. An old friend from Oregon, C. E. "Bemis" Bradley, recalled recently that he played on one of the Pacific Coast's first football teams, and that "Dad" must, therefore, have been one of the first football

coaches in the west. That's when the gridiron bristled with beards of various fearful shades.

+

Thank goodness. Mrs. Ley's column's protégé, George Aucourt, is just one lap ahead of me in our respective construction work. I can rustle over there to see how he he pours his cement, and soon the house across the street will be a model for some tricky woodwork.

+

On a visit to the Santa Cruz county court early this week, I had the pleasure of the presence of the district attorney, Judge Houck, the sheriff, the attorney for the defense, and several other gentlemen, including those vultures, the demon press photographers. The last were distinguishable by means of their cameras. And the judge sat by himself. Otherwise Allen Boggs, prisoner held on charges springing out of the deaths of two women, one by shooting and the other by automobile, could not be picked out by the inexperienced eye. All the gentlemen appeared prosperous, the defense very happy and affable.

+

A few mornings ago an amateur sleuth followed a big car out of Carmel into Monterey. It was 3 a. m. and an hour of mystery. At last the big car slowed down to the 15 m. p. h. permitted on the highway, and so the sleuth was forced to pass. Then the big car began tracking the sleuth, who put on speed. So did the big car. Finally both stopped. Both started again and parted company. I'd like to meet that sleuth face to face in daylight. I think our night patrol knows of this. He looked me over very thoroughly.

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That fish refuge projected for Monterey Bay was explained to this column the other day by one of the men behind the motion. Herman Irwin said it was intended only to protect those spawning and feeding grounds between Santa Cruz and Monterey from drag boat operations. Some conflicting evidence always comes up in these cases, and some is mighty ridiculous. If Mr. Irwin and his fellows go about it right, they will have the support of all sportsmen and most commercial fishermen who operate their own and not company-owned boats.

+

Have you discovered Palm Beach, Calif.? Well, it's a suburb of Watsonville, but the only palms so far as the dusk showed were away and gone back up the road toward town. You pass the palms and then go through about a mile of apple driers and packing houses.

+

And so to bed with more concrete to pour in the morning, some lumber to buy, and another wing to add on to a house that has been added on to at least three times al-

ready. But the Neil Bosworth's, across the way, have the most added-on-toest house in town. Well, Mrs. Bosworth was born a Lloyd, so there may be something in a name after all.

+

MRS. DUMMAGE IS HOSTESS AT PARTY FOR SISTER

Mrs. Mary L. Dummage entertained at a birthday party for her sister, Mrs. Philip Wilson, Tuesday afternoon. It was a meeting of old-time Carmel people and so reminiscent. Mrs. Bob Leidig was there and Mrs. Fred Leidig and Mrs. Louis Slevin. Chief and Mrs. Robert Norton, Mrs. A. McDow, Mrs. Bernice Warren, Mrs. Clinton Manly added their memories of the town and their well-wishing, as did the family—Mr. Philip Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. James Thoburn and their two sons, Alan and James, Jr.

+

TRAINER OF SEABISCUIT VISITS CARMEL OVER WEEK-END

To report that one Thomas Smith will be in town this week to visit an old friend, R. C. Fraser, isn't so exciting. But to report that Tom trained a certain animal named Seabiscuit up to his present place in the sun is something else again.

Fraser tells us that it was Tom Smith's recommendation that C. S. Howard put the money down on the line for Seabiscuit. Whereupon Tom picked up the horse and made something of him—made quite something of him.

DR. TERRY
Dentist

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—LYNDA SARGENT

+

(Continued from Page One)

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LATHAM'S WITHDRAWAL RESULTS IN MESS AT NEW FIRE HOUSE

(Continued from Page One)

eight inches. Oh, no, he wasn't. He knew. Now comes Mrs. Mary Gould to lay her sidewalk in front of the Chop House, and Rowntree's paving is up in the air a good eight inches. Swell! Rowntree has to break up his sidewalk and re-lay it. Economy!

Latham wanted extra heavy cast iron piping for the "soil" pipes for the water system. Any building of a public nature should have such, and every one does. Rowntree buys the cheaper, lighter pipe. It is laid. Workmen dig for the water connections and break the "soil" pipes. Economy!

Take a walk upstairs and peek into the shower room. A peek will be enough. You get a sick feeling in your stomach. If there is a deadlier green in bathroom tiles manufactured, Rowntree couldn't find it. He got the deadliest one in the catalog. Latham had recommended a light color, a cream or light blue. Without consulting him, Rowntree orders the tile. Someday some fireman is going to get raving mad either at, or because of, that tile, and he'll smash it to smithereens. And that will be some more economy.

If you are a carpenter, or happen to have a brother-in-law who is a carpenter, don't look at the hard-

ware on the small doors in the building. The sight will shock you. Our little boy, ten years old and quite handy with a hammer and screw driver, could have done a better job with his eyes closed.

As for the general appearance of the building from the outside, the layman would say it was attractive, well designed. That would be Latham's work. But to Latham, or any other architect, we understand the front is spoiled by a refusal of Rowntree to follow Latham's specifications. Latham, himself, says the building looks squatty. That is principally because the keystones over the doors were set too far in. Even a layman can understand that, when it is explained to him. If they had been set out as Latham specified the building would then not look squatty, even to an architect.

Latham had planned for a carved keystone, or canopy, over the entrance door. Rowntree ruled that out. Too expensive. And our friend, John Catlin, had offered to carve it free of charge as a gift to the city.

When you visit the fire house this Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning you will see what we mean. Rowntree and Birney Adams will probably be there to receive felicitations.

BRIDGE TO HELP FIREMEN EQUIP THEIR KITCHEN

Carmel's volunteer firemen are planning to furnish their kitchen in the new club rooms by way of bridge whist. In this they are to be ably aided and abetted by the Ladies' Auxiliary. The card party is to be held on the evening of May 14, and the tables will be set downstairs in the equipment room of the new fire house.

There seem to be a couple of vacant artistic niches around these here parts, what with both the Moras and the Doughertys off for Africa and Europe respectively, and not expected back for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Jo Mora, Jo and Patty left last week for a six months' round the world tour, sailing from San Francisco. Jo Mora has just completed a set of murals for the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco.

The Doughertys, Paul and Paula, are now enroute to New York via Los Angeles and the southern route. They are making the trip by motor and sail for Naples on the *Saturnia* the first of May. They plan to stay abroad about three months.

Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock at the Monterey Union High School track field, the top teams of the schools in the Monterey Peninsula will gather for a big track meet.

Sunset School will enter four teams from the biggest to the smallest, in the following events: 40, 50, 60, 70 and 80 yard dashes, broad

jump, high jump and relay. The teams selected by competition last Saturday are: (A) C. Gansel, A. Wood, H. Johnson, H. Levinson, B. Gansel, T. Ragoza; (B) B. Coffin, O. Jones, R. Gargiulo, D. Villeponzo, D. Whitmer; (C) G. Stoddard, Sean Flavin, Allan Goble, Gordy Miyamoto, Hugh Gottfried, Jim Handley, De Witt Appleton, Kenny Jones; (D) I. Williams, E. Passalacqua, D. Pelton, B. Wishart and B. Elias.

Part of the Public School Week program will include a school assembly Friday morning, April 30, at 10:10 o'clock, at which time athletic awards will be given.

Sunset Glow, the school paper, will be published in time for Public School Week. A work of all the grades, the paper will be available to parents visiting the school during the week.

The fire chief scuttled over to Monterey Wednesday to meet Jean Leidig, related to him. Jean is home from art school for the week-end.

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Tigers Take Lead In Abalone Loop

The Tigers have taken over the lead in the Abalone league with a record of two games won and none lost. They defeated the Pilots last Sunday with a score of 14 to 13. The Giants were nosed out by the Shamrocks to the tune of 6 to 5.

The first two innings of the Pilot-Tiger game established a lead of one run for the Tigers which they kept throughout the game.

As the other teams now stand, the Shamrocks and Giants have each won a game apiece and lost one, and the Pilots have lost two games.

The games for next Sunday are Pilots vs Shamrocks at 1:30 and Giants vs Tigers at 2:30 o'clock.

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SUNSET BASEBALLERS BEAT SEASIDE 24 TO 2, WHEW!

Sunset School's first team won its baseball game with Seaside to the tune of 24 to 2 Tuesday. This makes a record of three games out of four won by the first team. It lost the first of the season to Pacific Grove which now leads the League.

The second team lost its game (reported the fastest and closest of the season) to the Seaside second team, 1 to 2. Alfred Woo made a home run, but that's as far as his team got.

Legion Club Dinner-Dance Proves One Of Best Affairs Of Organization

As we get it, Joe Catherwood and Bill Muscutt did all the preliminaries and juggled the salad, Julian mixed the drinks, Mat Smuts roasted the turkeys, Sade baked the potatoes, Willard Whitney cooked the peas, Ben Wetzel superintended the serving, Ruth Austin and Trudi Allen Husing provided the entertainment—and the rest of the town ate, looked and swung itself around and around to Allen Knight's amalgamated syncopation. All of the above ingredients, melded, produced last Saturday night's dinner-dance of the American Legion Club of Carmel. Both the participants and the neighbors say it was great—there being, however, a wide divergence in the manner of expression.

But it did prove to be, from all and sundry accounts, the best party—let us digress, before we forget this: By Ford was accosted by Mat Smuts. "I won't cook any more turkeys," says Smuts. "unless I cook the dressing, too." "You charged too much," says By. "Oh, I didn't get a cent. I spent \$10." "You didn't spend enough," says By. "But I worked hard." "You didn't work long enough," says By, kindly, so-o-o kindly. Smuts walked out of the Carmel Realty Company offices

with a broken heart—the Legion Club has ever had, will ever have, pray the neighbors.

And Joe Catherwood wants it in that Ruth Austin, aided by her husband, Ford, directed the show, and the lights were lighted and turned off by Kay Knudsen, or they were turned on by Knudsen, and turned off by Lyle Bates. And, says Catherwood, the show went something like this:

First, a tap dance by Anne Whitman, Emma Ann Wishart, Met Gosler and Beverly Leidig. Patty Lou Elliott did a Tap Solo and Bettie Rae Sutton alighted through an "Oriental" dance. Trudi Allen Husing, who is first violinist with the Sacramento Symphony, gave a violin solo.

"Three Girls" was the title of a dance group by Maxine Laney, Bettie Rae Sutton and Patty Lou Elliott. Betty Carr danced "Impromptu" and Bettie Rae Sutton wound up the evening with "Mood Indigo".

+ + +

Mrs. Bill Froli, Conrad Imelman and we have a wonderful idea—but it's a secret. Nothing may ever come of it, but it's a swell idea.

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